

ANIMAL

10¢

No. 5
OCTOBER
NOVEMBER

COMICS



**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**

1. RIDDLE



WHAT DOES A CAT HAVE THAT NO OTHER ANIMAL HAS?

2. CAN YOU CHANGE RAM TO BAT IN FOUR MOVES? REMEMBER YOU MUST CHANGE ONE LETTER TO SPELL ANOTHER CREATURE IN MAKING EACH MOVE.

RAM

1 _____
2 _____
3 _____
4 **BAT**



A.W. NUGENT

3. KATES



PAT PARROT CAN SPELL FIVE FIVE-LETTER WORDS BY USING ALL OF THE LETTERS IN "KATES" TO SPELL EACH WORD. CAN YOU?

A.W. NUGENT

4. A BIRD IN YOUR HAND IS WORTH TWO IN THE BUSH



A FOX, THE ABLE MAGICIAN, JUST MADE TWO DUCKS DISAPPEAR RIGHT BEFORE THE EYES OF HIS AUDIENCE. HE HASN'T FOOLED US BECAUSE WE CAN SEE THEM BOTH VERY PLAINLY. HAS HE BEWILDERED YOU?

A.W. NUGENT

5. WHAT BIRD SUGGESTS STEALING?



WHAT INSECT SUGGESTS A GAME?




6. IF YOU PRINT A CERTAIN ANIMAL'S NAME IN THE EMPTY BOXES READING ACROSS...

E	B	D	A	E
U	A	G	P	L

MR. PIG CLAIMS THAT THE COMBINED LETTERS WILL SPELL FIVE OTHER CREATURES IN THE BOXES READING DOWNWARD.



7. WHAT ARE THE NAMES OF THE YOUNG OF EACH OF THE 8 LISTED CREATURES?



1 HORSE	_____
2 LION	_____
3 SHEEP	_____
4 DOG	_____
5 DEER	_____
6 COW	_____
7 GOAT	_____
8 GOOSE	_____

A.W. NUGENT

ANSWERS

1. Kittens
2. Ram, ray, rat
3. Skate, snakes, steak, stakes, teaks
5. Robin, cricket
6. Moose
7. Colt, cub, lamb, pup, fawn, calf, kid, gosling

UNCLE WIGGILY

by
Howard
R. Garis

DRAWINGS BY
H. R. McBRIDE

I'm awfully sorry your rheumatism is so bad you can't go to the circus with us, Uncle Wiggily

There! You're tucked in snug and warm—but I do wish you were coming, too.

So do I, Nurse Jane—I'd love to see Flip-Flop, the poodle acrobat—I taught him how to do stunts when he was a puppy.

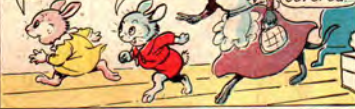


Hello! Are you all ready to go?

Oh, Elfie, it is SO kind of you to call for us!

It'll be fun riding on a real circus elephant

Goodbye, Wiggily, and don't get uncovered



Bye-bye, everybody! Remember me to Flip-Flop!



Hah! There they go, Pip!

Now's our chance to catch Uncle Wiggily alone



All I ask is a chance to pay that old rabbit for fooling us with his hot-air balloon last week—

—and making us sneeze so hard with his red pepper trick.



If we sneak up without his seeing us he won't have a chance to lock the door.



It's already locked, Skee.

Psssst! I can see him—he's asleep by the stove.



Sleeping happily, Uncle Wiggily is dreaming he is at the circus.



What's the answer, Skee? If we break a window, he'll jump down to cellar.

Hush! up and let me think.



A pick and shovel—they're the answer! We'll dig a pit in front of Uncle Wiggily's porch—



—and when it's done we'll cover it with sticks and grass—

—and when he steps on it he'll fall through to the bottom—that's a swell scheme!



Well, what's the matter now? Don't you think this trap will catch Uncle Wiggily?

The trap is all right—but how are we going to get him out of the house?



Don't worry, Pip—I'll drive him out in a hurry—You duck behind the bushes and watch.

All right



Heh-heh-heh! I guess that old Longears won't sleep long with his chimney stopped up



Uff-uff! Smoke! Koff-koff!



Fire! The house is burning down—I mean up!



Tee-hee-hee!

At least I saved my crutch—and my valise.



Ha-ha!



Help!



Oh, my ears and tail—what happened to me?



There's our rabbit stew! All right—Skeezicks! We'll just throw in some hot coals and cook him where he is. but I'm afraid he won't be very tender.

En? What's that?



Don't count your dinner before it's caught!

Yow! Watch out, Skee!

Phooey! Sand in my mouth!



Now, what did he do that for?

I'll find out, when I get this dirt out of my eyes!



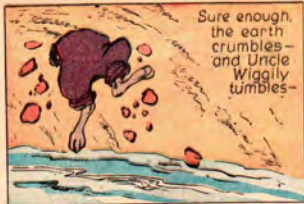
Ha-ha! I'm afraid you're a little too late!

Gr-r-r!

Catch him!



Dear me! The bottom is falling out of this hole!





Here we are—in the wide, wide, river.

Sunlight at last! I never knew it could feel so warm and lovely!



Goodbye—and thank you a hundred million times for saving my life, Goldy Pinny!

Don't mention it, Uncle Wiggily! I hope I'm there the next time you fall through the earth.



Oh! My poor leg! My rheumatism's worse—just as I feared!



I'll have to put on this nightshirt and dry my clothes before I go any further.



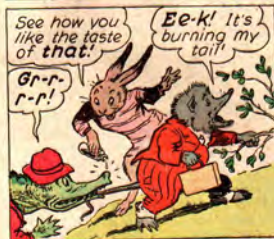
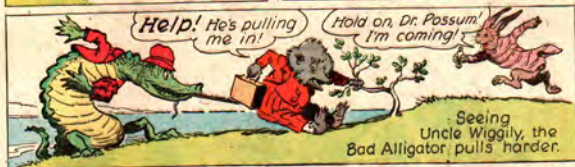
Brrrrr! I'll be thankful if I don't catch pneumonia.

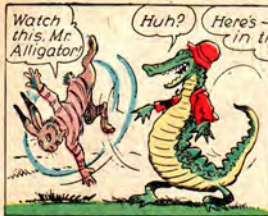


A dose of catnip elixir may help to warm me.



Gulp!



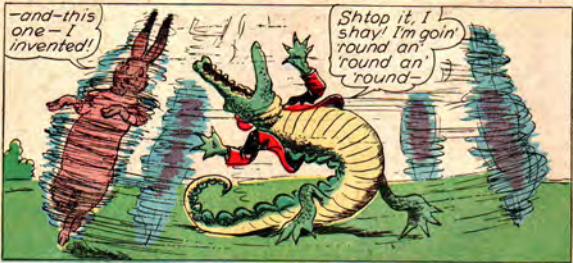


Watch this, Mr. Alligator!

Huh?

Here's-a-stunt-I-learned-in-the-circus-when-I-was-younger!

Stop! You're making my mind unbalanced!



-and-this one-I invented!

Shtop it, I shay! I'm goin' 'round an' 'round an' 'round-



I-I guess he's out for awhile. I feel rather lightheaded myself.

Are you sure he isn't playing possum? That's my old trick to fool people.

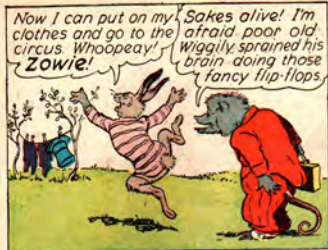


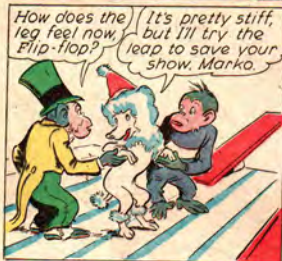
I don't know how to thank you, Uncle Wiggily—perhaps you'll let me give you some pills for your rheumatism.

Pills? I don't need pills, Dr Possum.



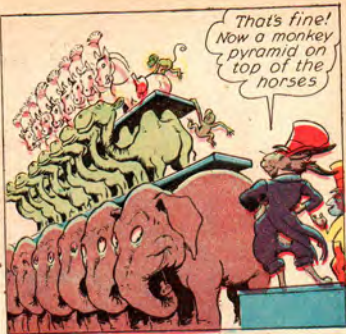
I lost my rheumatism doing my cartwheels and flip-flops and whirligigs—yippee!





I'll show you a *real* thriller, folks—just build me a pyramid of elephants, camels, horses and riders and I'll jump over all of them!

Wow! You mean that?

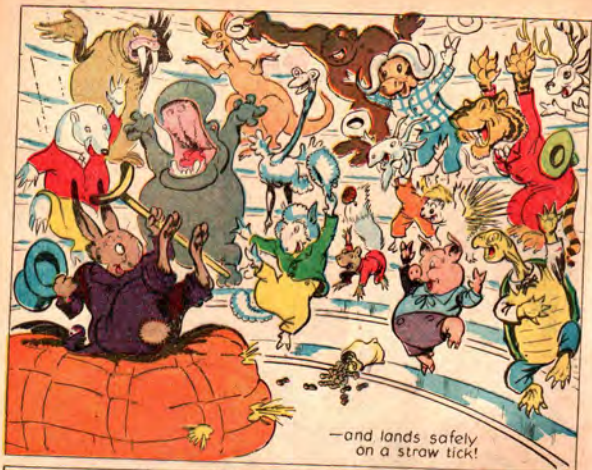


That's fine! Now a monkey pyramid on top of the horses

Uncle Wiggily hits the springboard and soars up—up—up—



In mid-air he does a triple somersault—



—and lands safely on a straw tick!

You rescued my show today, Uncle Wiggily—here are ten tickets to the next performance

Maybe I can help you out of a scrape some time

Oh! Thank you! Thank you!

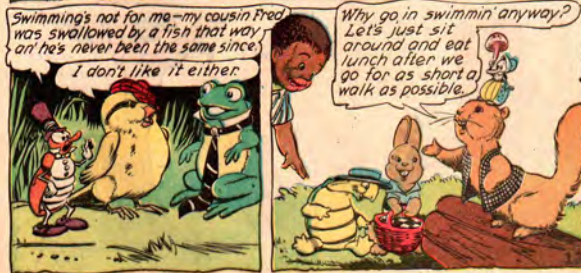
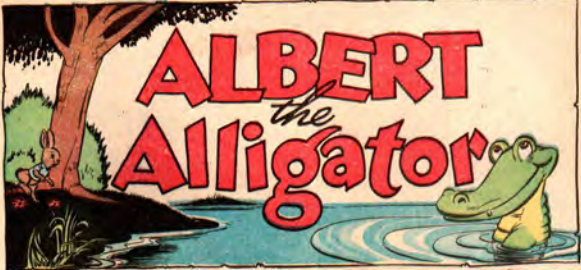
Ten free tickets! That's enough for all of us and the Squirrel Boys and the Muskrats, too. Whoopee!

Wiggily Longears! **Can't** you act your age?

Yee-ay!

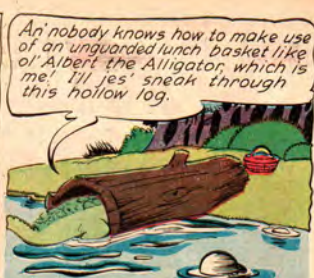


ALBERT *the* Alligator

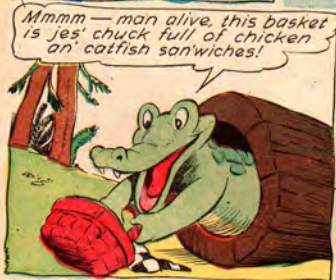




Looks like them chillun has got a heap of lunch.



An' nobody knows how to make use of an unguarded lunch basket like ol' Albert the Alligator, which is me! I'll jes' sneak through this hollow log.



Mmmm — man alive, this basket is jes' chuck full of chicken an' catfish san'wiches!



My sakes! I is so full of san'wiches I is stuck an' here comes them chillun back!

Hey — somebody's stealin' our lunch!



It's ol' Albert an' he's stuck in that hollow tree — he ate all our san'wiches!



Hah — I'm gettin' away!

Man! He's knockin' dat hornet's nest off into the hollow log!

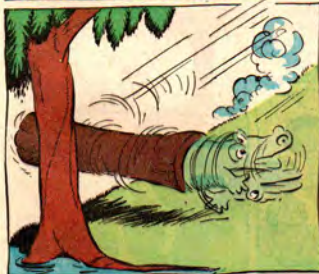


Let him have it, fellers!

Halp! I is bein' devoured alive!

BILL!
BILL!

Th' hornets is usin ol' Albert for lunch.



Come out an' fight like a man, Albert! You busted up our home!

Sure 'nough, Albert. You should be 'shamed!

He spoiled our picnic. He ote our lunch.



I quits! I isn't goin' to stay in this here swamp no more! Everybody always a-pickin' an' a-snappin' at me - I is gon' run off an' leave you sniff for yourselves!

My sakes!



Can't you leave a man run away from home in peace? Mus' you follow and gawk?

You spoiled our day so we'll jus' make sure you is well on your way.

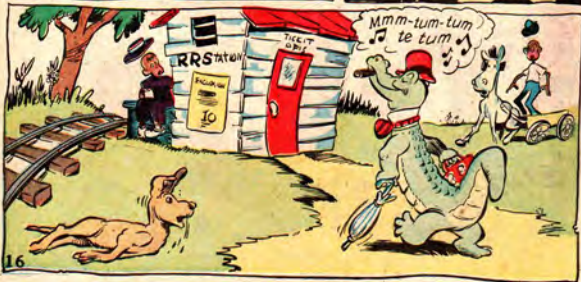


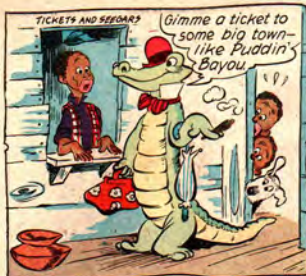
Farewell, my fairweather friends - when I'm a successful man in the city I'll drop you a line - and I hope you choke on it.

Th' same to you, Albert!



My sakes! He's really gone on his way!





Gimme a ticket to some big town-like Puddin' Bayou.



Is yo' a sure 'nuff nacheral talkin' alligator? Absolutely.



This here is a real talkin' alligator! I don't b'levee it!

Look down his froat, Mabeline, an see if'n they is somebody in that there 'gator skin.



They is a lot of darkness in here, but no folks at all!

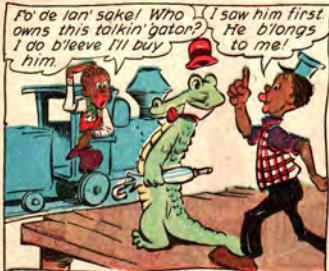


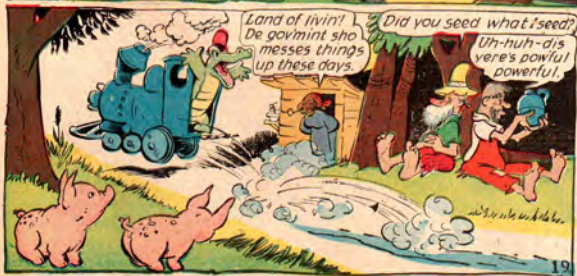
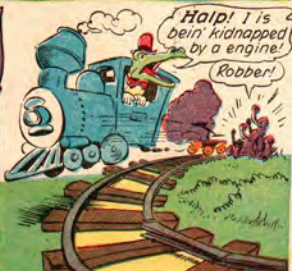
Here come the train—Ever'body look out—whoie—whoie! I isn't got no whoostle! Whooie!!



All 'board for places down de track a ways! Say—is you a sho' nuff 'gator?

I is.









Timothy Turtle

The sun was warm for autumn, and Timothy tied his ferryboat to a stake along the bank, then settled himself underneath a tree for a nap. Business was slow and the sun had made him sleepy, so he pulled his cap over his eyes and leaned back against the tree. Soon he was fast asleep.

No sooner had the first snore issued from under the cap than a little face peeked around the edge of a bush, followed by another. Then carefully on tiptoe two little figures stole out from behind the bush and approached the sleeping Timothy. They were the two little brothers of the Honey Bear. Quietly they approached Timothy and peeked under his cap; then they quickly ran back to the bush lest he

wake up and find them there.

"Gee, he's sound asleep. Now's our chance to take that ride on the ferryboat he promised us," one little bear said.

"Don't you think we ought to wait till he wakes up, so we can ask him?" the other one inquired. "He might be awfully angry if we just take it without asking."

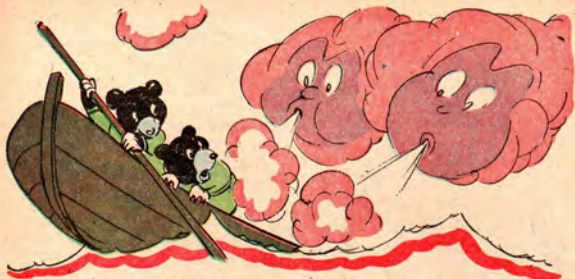
"No, he might say it's too windy or some-thing. He's always finding excuses. Let's just take the boat, and if he doesn't wake up before we get back, he'll never know the difference."

So the two little bears untied the ferry from its mooring and, grasping the long pole, they steered it out into the middle of the stream. Gently it floated along, bobbing up and down with the waves. The two little bears ran from side to side, leaning over the edge and peering down into the water.

Then suddenly it happened! The autumn winds had been trying for many days to get even with Timothy Turtle for foiling them in their attempts to upset his boat, and when they saw the ferry floating along without any guidance, there was their chance. So they puffed up their cheeks and blew up a squall that pitched the boat from one side of the stream to the other. The two little bears clung fearfully to the sides of the boat, for they were unable to stop it with the pole.

"Help, help, Timothy, help us!" they





called as the ferry swept down the stream towards the waterfall.

Timothy awoke with a start. He was sure he had heard his name being called—and then he saw that his boat was gone.

He rushed out to the little landing place, his eyes searching the stream. There, just going around a bend in the stream, was the boat, wildly careening from one bank to the other, and on it—he couldn't believe his eyes! The Honey Bear's two little brothers! They must have sneaked off for a ride, and now they were unable to manage the boat.

"It's those autumn winds again," Timothy said to himself. "They've just been waiting for a chance to get that boat away

from me. I've got to get it before it cap-sizes." And he ran, wildly clutching his cap, down along the bank after the ferry-boat.

"I'm coming. I'll save you," he called after the two mischief-makers. "Hold on tight."

The boat, however, was fast disappearing from sight. The winds blew all the harder when they saw that Timothy was trying to come to the rescue. Timothy didn't know what to do. All he could think of was that he had to stop the boat before it reached the waterfall which fell into the swimming hole downstream. If the ferry fell over the falls, no telling what would happen to the two boys, but the boat would surely be broken to bits.

So he ran faster and faster, but he couldn't gain on the drifting boat. Timothy was filled with despair. Just then he thought of something. The Honey Bear! He would help. He was a much faster runner than Timothy. So Timothy hurried to the tree house and rapped on the base of the trunk.

"Come quick, come quick!" he called, when he saw the Honey Bear's face looking down at him from the branches. "Your two little brothers have taken the ferryboat and it's running away with them. We must save them." And off he darted through the woods again.

"Hey, wait for me," called the Honey



Bear, and he slid down the trunk of the tree like a flash and was off after Timothy, asking questions as he ran.

"They are headed downstream for the falls," panted Timothy as the Honey Bear pulled up alongside of him. "We've got to stop them before they reach it."

The Honey Bear disappeared for a moment in the trees and then came back with a long length of vine.

"What are you going to do with that?" gasped Timothy.

"Maybe we can get close enough to lasso them," said the Bear. And as they came in sight of the stream he tied a noose in the end of the vine. There down the stream was the ferryboat bumping along over rocks, tossing the two little bears from side to side.

"Oh, my poor little boat," moaned Timothy. "It will be broken to bits."

"Oh my poor little brothers," said the Honey Bear. "What about them?" And he swung the lasso through the air.

The noose on the end caught on one of the pickets and pulled taut, but the wind was too strong for the Bear. Clutching the other end of the rope he was dragged into the water and pulled through the waves after the boat. He held on tightly, however, and rose spluttering to the surface, bumping along over the rocks in the wake of the ferryboat. Timothy raced as fast as he could along the bank, but there was nothing he could do to help.

"Let go," he cried to the Honey Bear.



"You'll be drowned. Let go." So the Honey Bear let go of the rope and managed to get to the bank where Timothy helped him up the side.

"Well, that didn't work," panted the Honey Bear. "I don't know what we'll do now."

"About what?" asked a tiny voice beside them, and there perched on a flower was Billy Bumblebee.

"His two little brothers are adrift on my ferryboat and are headed for the falls. They'll be killed!" exclaimed Timothy.

"Oh, my goodness, that is serious. But I'll bet I can stop them."





"You? What can you do?" asked Timothy and the Honey Bear in surprise. "You're kinda small for rescue work."

"Just follow me, and you'll see. I might be small, but that doesn't keep me from getting ideas," and Billy zoomed off in the direction of the waterfalls, the two friends following as fast as they could.

"Where's he going?" panted Timothy.

"He's taking a short cut through the woods. I guess he intends to head them off, but I don't see what he can do."

But in a moment he did. For when they arrived at the edge of the bank they saw that every beaver in the beaver colony,

babies and old folks alike, was hurrying like mad to construct a dam across the stream before the ferryboat came into sight. Billy Bumblebee sat on a flower, directing the proceedings, and it was almost magic the way the dam sprang into view. Just as the ferryboat swept around the bend in the stream the last stick was put in place and the beavers sat down to rest.

"Whew!" exclaimed Grandpa Beaver as he wiped his brow. "I haven't worked that hard since I was a young one. But we got her up in time. Here comes the boat."

Just as he uttered the words, the ferryboat swept around the curve and bang! It crashed against the dam and stopped. The two little honey bears were thrown to the floor of the boat, and the boat itself nearly splintered in two; but somehow it all managed to hold together, and the little crowd of animals on the bank set up a lusty cheering.

Timothy rushed over to see how his boat had fared while the Honey Bear collared his two little brothers and marched them off towards home. Billy Bumblebee and the beavers congratulated each other on a fine piece of rescue work.

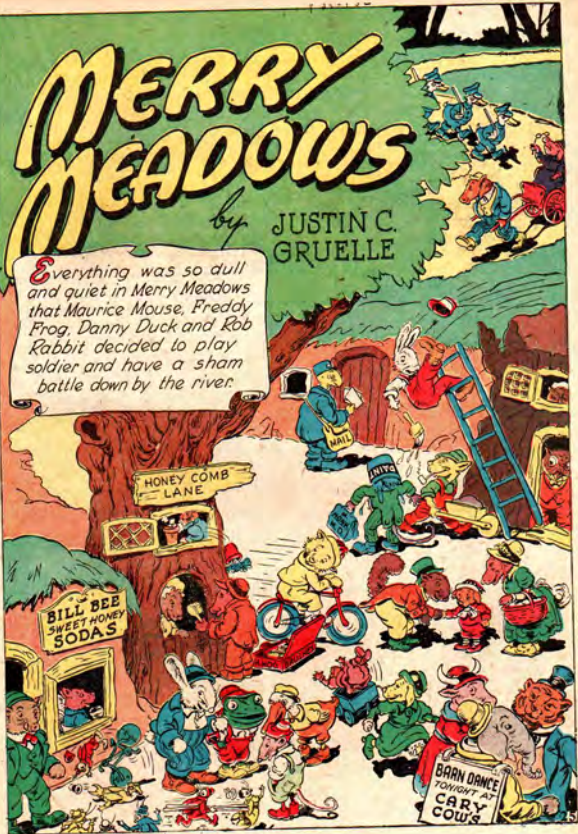
Well, that's about all there is to the story except that everyone went to Honey Bear's house for tea and cakes later just to celebrate the great rescue. Oh yes, the two little honey bears stood up to eat their cakes because their mother somehow didn't approve of their borrowing a ferryboat without permission.

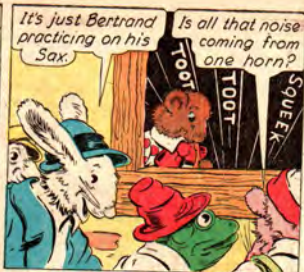


MERRY MEADOWS

by JUSTIN C. GRUELLE

Everything was so dull and quiet in Merry Meadows that Maurice Mouse, Freddy Frog, Danny Duck and Rob Rabbit decided to play soldier and have a sham battle down by the river.





Hello, Earl Elephant, do you want to play soldier?

You bet! Can I be a marine?



Hey, Tessie, would you like to play nurse?

And hold our hands if we're wounded?

The idea intrigues me.



Gracious, what's that noise?



Let's choose sides.

WAR
FLASHES
BRAVE BASS
BATTALION
BATTLES
BIG BRUTAL
BARRACUDAS

The
BUCK CREEK
BUGLE

Societe
Mote
SALLY
SUNFISH
JOINS
SPARS

BILL BASS
BARBER

BUCK CREEK
BANK

GIVE YOUR
TAILS
A
Permanent

TADPOLE
TERRACE

DANGER
DON'T
EAT!

The ones getting short straws
have to be Germans and
(Japs)

It's tough that you got
the short ones, so well
throw in Danny Duck
and let you help hang
Hitler.

Ah, shucks!
We don't want
to be Japs!



This path can be the dividing line. You go down by the creek and we'll go into the woods. I'll whistle three times when the battle will start.

We'll be ready!



This hollow log will make a dandy cannon.

Both sides retired and prepared for the fray.

Load 'er up with these acorns.

What can we use for ammunition?

What's the big idea?

It's Gerty Garter snake.



Can't a lady have any privacy 'round here?

It's disgusting!
GOODBYE!!

Hurray! This will surprise 'em. Fill 'er up, Rob!

Harry Hippo can shoot 'em by blowing in the end.



While this was going on, the other side was busy, too.

Look, fellers, here's some spoiled goose eggs.



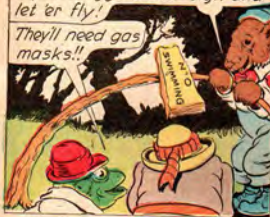
They'll make nifty bullets. Oh, boy! What a splash they'll make!!

We want to make sure the wind's blowin' the other way.



We can bend this sapling down, lay the eggs on the sign and let 'er fly!

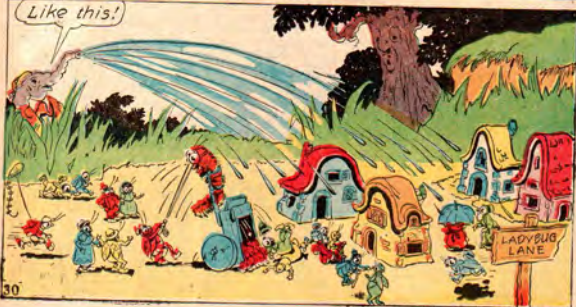
They'll need gas masks!!



And I can take a deep breath, fill my trunk with water and let 'em have it—



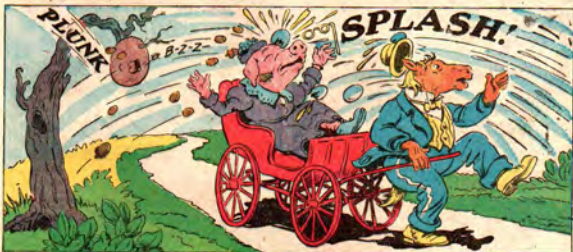
Like this!



Who should wander across no man's land
but snooty Mrs. Pig.

Home, James!
This sylvan glade
bores me!

Yes, m'lady!



On a nearby limb.

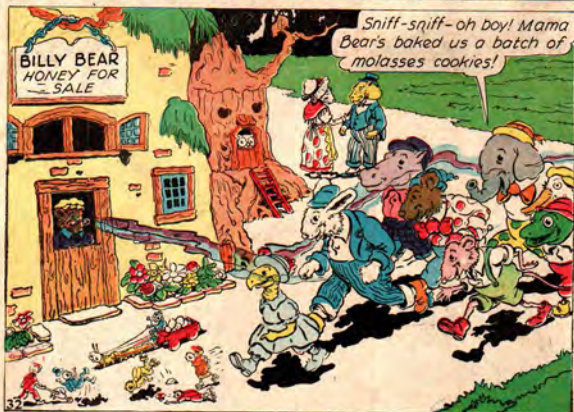


We're being attacked.
Up and at 'em, men!!



There the varmints
are! Give 'em the
works!!





SCAMP

Good dog!
Ha-ha-ha!
That's a joke!

We're all going out
for lunch, Scamp—
so you must be a
very good dog
while we're away!



...and you mustn't be
rough with Mitzi—
just play with your
rubber bone!

Goodbye now— and
don't forget what
I told you!

So long,
Patty—see
you soon!



I'm not sure that it's
wise to leave that dog
and cat alone in
the house.

Lock the door
and come on—
we're late,
as it is!

They'll
be good,
Mummie—
I told them
they must.

Slowly the hands of the
living room clock move
around from
XII to III





Patty ought to be coming now - but I don't see her.



The folks had better come home pretty soon - I just can't be good much longer!

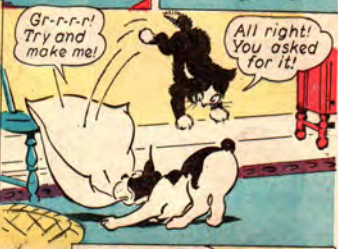


I'm sick of playing with that old rubber bone!



Gr-r-r-r! Let's have some fun, Mitzi!

Go chase yourself! Leave my cushion alone!



Gr-r-r-r! Try and make me!

All right! You asked for it!



Pins and needles! How do you like it?

Yi!
Yow!



I'll give you pins and needles if I catch you!

Maybe-if!







Ha-ha-ha!
It's just big
enough to
bite!

Heh, heh! Whose
tail is going to be
shortened
now?

Yi-yipe!
Leggo
me!



Help!
Murder!
Oh, my
tail!

Ha-ha-
ha!



Aw-wk! That
fireplace is
too close
quarters
for me!



Yah! Yah!
Yah! You
can't get
at me
here!

And you
can't come
out, either
I'll see
to that!



Purr-rr-rr!
Sometimes things
seem just too
perfect for
words!

Across the
room, on her
own cushion,
Mitzi smiles a
smile of pure
contentment.



Why, Polly Parrot!
What are you doing
on the fire screen?

Just see
who's here!

Yip! Yip!
Yip!



It's Scamp—all covered with soot and ashes!

Ha, ha! Polly's been playing dog-catcher!

It's the first time she ever got out of her cage by herself!

You're so awfully dirty. I'll have to give you a bath right away!

A bath! Horrors!



Don't try to pull away, Scamp! You've got to be washed whether you like it or not!

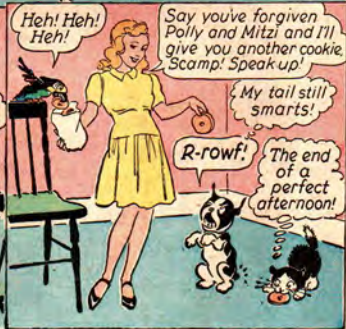
I wouldn't miss watching this for anything!



Hold still—that's a good puppy! It will be over in a minute and then I'll give you a cookie!

Haw, haw, haw! Give him a shave! Give him a shave!

????!



Heh! Heh! Heh!

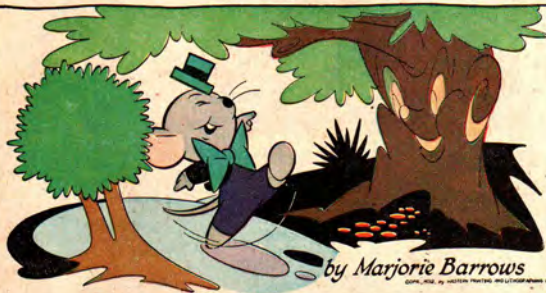
Say you've forgiven Polly and Mitzi and I'll give you another cookie, Scamp! Speak up!

My tail still smarts!

R-rowf!

The end of a perfect afternoon!

MUGGINS MOUSE

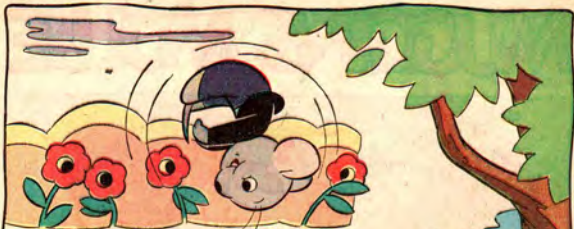


by Marjorie Barrows

One morning little Muggins Mouse
Was feeling rather gay
And ran into the brownies' wood
Where he began to play.



He first played tag-your-shadow,
And hop your tail and squeals,
And next he stood upon his head
And kicked up all his heels.



*He rolled himself then
in a hoop
And whirled around with vim,
And whirled and whirled until
he found
A brownie watching him.*

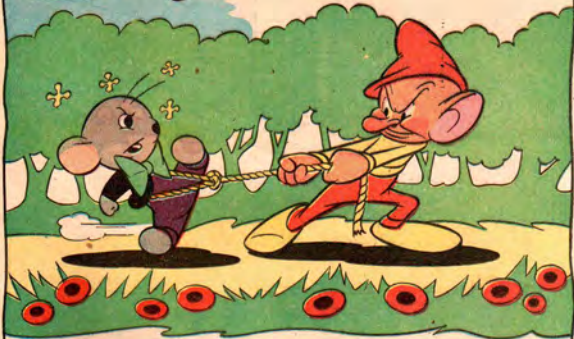


No! *"Hold up your paws," the brownie
cried,
"You're my mouse now, I mean,
To pull my cart and plough
my farm
And do tricks in between."*



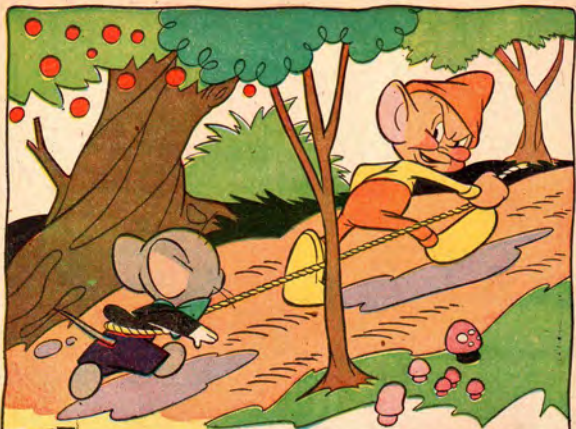


*"I won't go with you!"
Muggins sniffed,
"I know I would be bored—"
The brownie tied a rope
to him,
"Now, come along!" he
roared.*



*Then Muggins stamped
one foot and said,
"My family might worry."
But when the brownie
pulled, he had
To follow in a hurry.*





*The brownie yanked poor Muggins on;
He was quite rude, I fear;
He didn't even give him time
To stop and scratch his ear.*



*Muggins knew of people who'd got lost
And left some things behind them,
Like petticoats and bits of string
To help their families find them.*

He didn't have a petticoat
Or string or things like
that,
So he just dropped his
handkerchief,
His collar and his hat.



At last the brownie
tied him up
Beside a crooked tree.



"You cannot get
away," he said,
"So, I'll go home
for tea."

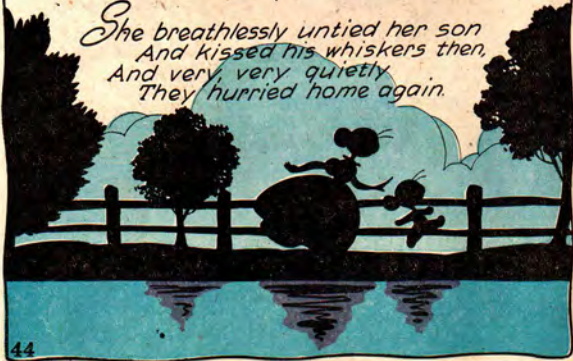




Poor Muggins Mouse felt lonesome
But was too brave to holler,
And then—his mother came along!
She'd found his hat and collar.



She breathlessly untied her son
And kissed his whiskers then,
And very, very quietly
They hurried home again.



Little DINKY

AND THE ONE-HOUR
LAUNDRY SERVICE



Little Dinky
lived on a farm
with a happy family,
Mommy, Daddy, and
their little girl, Joan.



Oh, Dinky, I never knew a
kitten could jump so far!

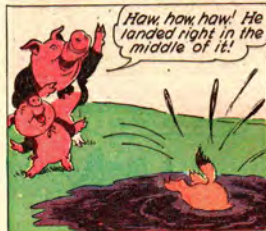


Oh boy, am I good! I'll bet
nobody in the world can
jump as far as I.



Go ahead! Whatcha 'fraid
of? You can make it!

???





Dinky—
you naughty
kitty!

Ah, the
very place!



Where did
that kitty
go?

She'll never
think of
looking in
here for me.



The one-hour
laundry service.

Come right in.
It's all ready.



Here comes
somebody. I'll
get down out
of sight.



Swell ride!

Here kitty!
Come kitty,
kitty, kitty!



So, inside the basket,
Dinky is on his way
to the laundry.



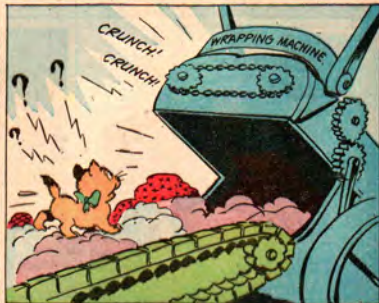
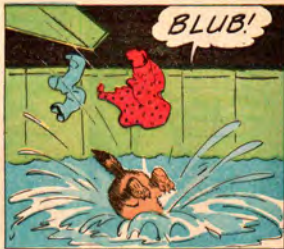
SERVICE
ENTRANCE
ONE-HOUR
LAUNDRY
SERVICE

ONE-HOUR
LAUNDRY
SERVICE

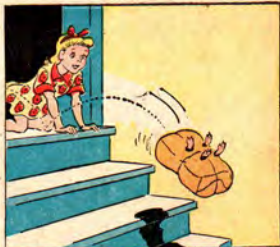
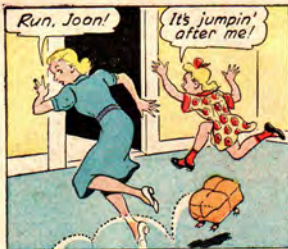


Oh, where
am I?

Down
the chute
goes
Dinky.







ANIMAL

CUT OUT PAGE

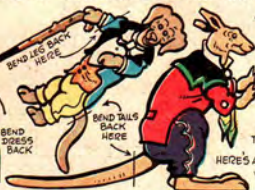
COMICS

by A.W. NUGENT

BEND DOGS
BACK ON
STRAIGHT
LINE



STAND UP ANIMAL DOLLS TO CUT OUT.

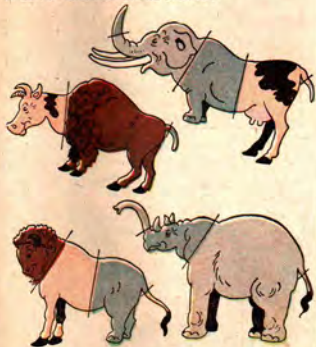


HERE ARE THREE CUT OUT DOLLS THAT WILL STAND UP WHEN THEY ARE FOLDED CORRECTLY. CUT THEM OUT CAREFULLY AROUND THEIR ENTIRE OUTLINES

HERE'S A CHANCE TO USE YOUR WATER COLORS OR CRAYONS.

A SCRAMBLED ZOO

CAN YOU REASSEMBLE THESE FOUR ANIMALS WITH THEIR PROPER HEADS, BODIES, TAILS AND TRUNK? FIRST CUT OUT THE ANIMALS AROUND THEIR ENTIRE OUTLINES AND THEN CUT THROUGH THE STRAIGHT LINES AS INDICATED ON THE BODIES.



A.W. NUGENT

CAREFULLY CUT OUT THIS WHATISIT AROUND ITS ENTIRE OUTLINE AND BEND THE WINGS UPWARD AND THE LEGS DOWNWARD ON THE DOTTED LINES. HOLD THE INSECT OVER YOUR HEAD AND DROP IT.

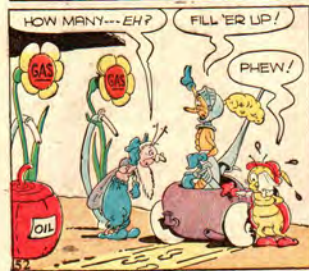
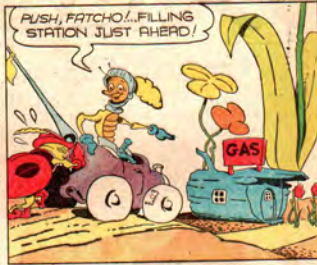
THE TOY WILL THEN SPIN AROUND AS IT GLIDES TO THE FLOOR.



CUT THIS RABBIT OUT AROUND THE ENTIRE OUTLINE AND SEE HOW NICELY IT WILL STAND ON ITS HIND LEGS.



51



IT'S AVIATION
GASOLINE...USED
BY WASPS
AND HUMMING
BIRDS FOR
SWIFT
FLIGHT!

DON BUGABOO ALWAYS
GETS THE
BEST!...GIVE
US THE
WHOOOPER-
DOOPER
GAS!



OKAY--YOU ASKED FOR IT!

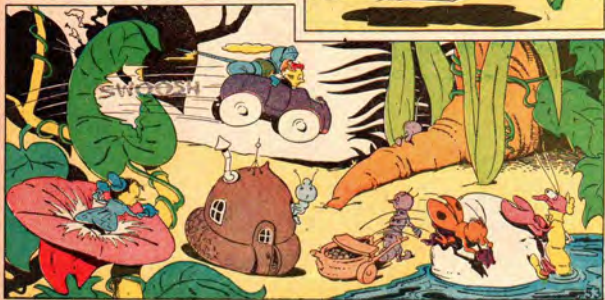
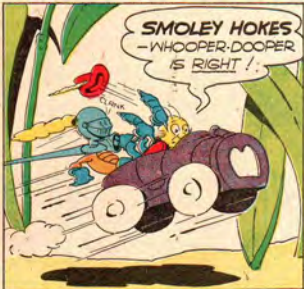


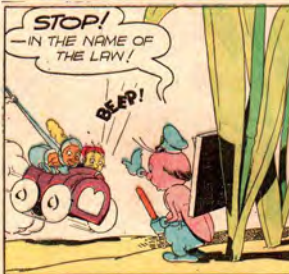
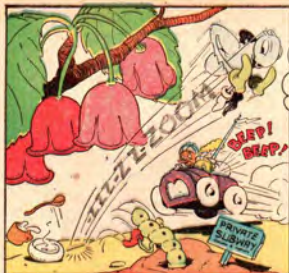
SHE'S FILLED
UP!

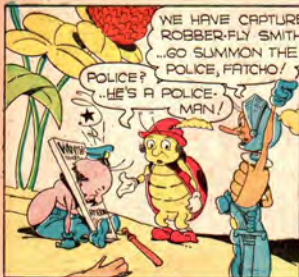
DRIVE ON,
FATCHO!



SMOLEY HOKES
-WHOOOPER-DOOPER
IS RIGHT!







WE HAVE CAPTURED
ROBBER-FLY SMITH!
...GO SUMMON THE
POLICE, FATCHO!

POLICE?

..HE'S A POLICE-
MAN!



HOW CAN YOU SAY THAT?!--CAN
YOU NOT READ THE SIGN?--IT
SAYS HE IS ROBBER-FLY SMITH!
..DON BUGABOO HAS TRIUMPHED
AGAIN!...NOW GO FOR THE POLICE!

OKAY!



SOMETIMES I WONDER IF
ONE OF US ISN'T A
LITTLE
BIT
CRAZY!



...SNIFF--SNIFF--
--MMM-YUMM!
...I SMELL
BEEF STEW!



SNIFF...MM-MM-AH!
-THERE IT
IS!



PARDON ME, KIND SIR...
..I AM VERY HUNGRY.....
..I WONDER IF --

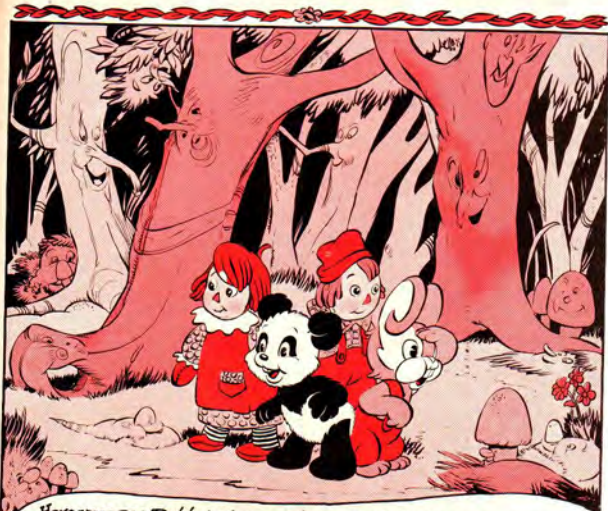
SURE, BO!
...PULL UP
A TWIG
AND SIT
DOWN!



YUM--THIS STEW
SMELLS GOOD!
...Y'SEE, WE
WERE TEARIN'
ALONG IN OUR
AUTOMOBILE,
WHEN --

DID YOU
SAY AUTO-
MOBILE?





Here you see Raggedy Ann and Andy, Oswald the Rabbit and Andy Panda in the deep woods. They are trying to see how many faces of Pixies they can find. How many do YOU see in the Picture? There should be Twelve! And if you want to see the Raggledys, Oswald, and Andy Panda each month use the coupon below ---



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